

Colin and Phoebe's

G A R L A N D

Containing some of the choicest

NEW SONGS.

1. Colin and Phoebe, a Pastoral.
2. The Female Robber. Poor Turpin's Sister.
3. The two loyal Lovers.
4. Logie o' Buchan.



Licensed and Entered according to Order.

COLIN and PHOEBE. A Pastoral.

COLIN.

BE still, O ye winds, and attentive ye swains,
'Tis Phœbe invites, and replies to my strains;
The sun never rose on, search all the world thro'
A shepherd so blest, or a fair one so true.

PHOEBE.

Glide softly ye streams, O ye nymphs round me throng,
'Tis Colin commands, and enlivens my song;
Search all the world over, you never can find
A maiden so blest, or a shepherd so kind.

CHORUS.



'Tis love like the sun, that gives light to the year,
The sweetest of blessings that life can endear;
Our pleasures it brightens, drives sorrow away,
Gives joy to the night, and enlivens the day.

Col.] With Phœbe beside me the seasons how gay,
And winter's bleak months are as pleasant as May;
The summer's gay verdure still springs as she treads,
And linnets and nightingales sing through the meads.

Ph.] When Colin is absent 'tis winter all round,
How faint is the sun-shine, how barren the ground;
Instead of the linnets and nightingale's song,
I hear the hoarse raven croak all the day long.

Both.] 'Tis Love, &c.

Col.] O'er hill, dale and valley, my Phœbe and I,
Together we'll wander, and love shall be by;
Her Colin shall guard her safe all the day long,
Which Phœbe at night will repay with a song.

Ph.] By moon-light, when shadows glide over the plain,
His kisses shall cheer me, his arm shall sustain;
The dark haunted grove I can trace without fear,
And sleep in a church yard, if Colin is near.

Both.] 'Tis love, &c.

Col.] Ye shepherds that wander it over the plain,
How fleeting your transports, how lasting your pain;
Inconstancy shun, and reward the kind she,
And learn to be happy from Phœbe and me.

Ph.] Ye nymphs who the pleasures of love never try'd,
Attend to my strains, and take me for your guide;
Your hearts keep from pride, and inconstancy free,
And learn to be happy from Colin and me.

Both.] 'Tis love, &c.

The Female Robber. Poor Turpin's Sister.

YE females of every station,
Give ear to my frolicksome song,
The like was ne'er known in the nation,
'Twas done by a female so young.
She bought her a horse and a bridle,
With a saddle and pistols also,
Resolved not to remain idle,
But on the highway she would go.
She cloathed herself in great spendor,
Her breeches and sword she had on,
Her body appear'd mighty slender,
'Twas dress'd like a pretty young man.
And thus like a robber so pretty,
She mounted with speed on her mare,
She left all her friends in the city,
And steered her course towards Ware.
The first that she met was a grocer,
Walking with a cane in his hand,
She soon to the spark rid up closer,
And boldly she made him to stand.

She took from him only a guinea,
 The next was a taylor and sheers,
 Because the poor rogue had no money,
 She nimble cut off both his ears.

There was too a pinching old tanner,
 For the loss of his money he cry'd,
 Because the rogue bauld out so loudly,
 She bravely tanned his hide.

The next was an honest exciseman,
 She told him she must have the prize,
 She robbed him of eighty guineas,
 Which he had receiv'd for excise.

The next was a cheating quack doctor,
 Whose cloaths were bedaubed with lace,
 She took both his coat and his money,
 It was a most pitiful case.

The next was an honest old lawyer,
 At assizes he pleaded the laws ;
 She took both his watch and his money,
 And this was the truth of the cause.

The next was greasy fat landlord,
 Whose guts held a hoghead of beer,
 She ranfack'd him of forty guineas,
 And he shit his breeches with fear.

The next she met was four robbers,
 Well mounted on brave prancing nags,
 She bid them to stand and deliver,
 And told them she wanted their bags.

The highwaymen all drew their rapiers,
 And bid them to stand on their guard,
 But away this fair maiden did caper,
 The highwaymen followed her hard,
 They followed and soon overtook her,
 And searched her breeches with speed,
 But as they did well overtake her,
 They found her a woman indeed.

The highwaymen all stood amazed,
 But she had no cause to complain ;
 Tho' with her they did as they pleased,
 They gave her money again.

The Two Loyal Lovers.

AS through Moorfields I was walking,
 One evening in the spring,
 I heard a maid in Bedlam,
 Most sweetly for to sing,
 She wrung her hands and tore her hair,
 And singing thus said she,
 I love my love, and I love my love,
 Because my love loves me.

My love was forced beyond the seas,
 My parents was unkind,
 And left me here in Bedlam,
 For to torment my mind ;
 Although I'm ruin'd for his sake,
 Contented shall I be,
 I love my love, &c.

I'll make my love a garden-land,
 It shall be dress'd so fine,
 The rest I'll set with roses,
 With lillies mix'd with thyme,
 And I'll present it to my love,
 When he comes home from sea,
 I love my love, &c.

I wish I was a sparrow,
 To fly into the air,
 And if I lose my labour,
 And cannot find him there,
 I quickly would become a fish,
 To search the raging sea,
 I love my love, &c.

As thus she was lamenting,
 Her love came home from sea,
 Hearing she was in Bedlam,
 He went to her straightway;
 And when he came unto the gates,
 She sung and thus sung she,
 I love my love, &c.

He stood a while to ponder,
 To hear what she would say,
 Till he could stay no longer,
 His blood ran cold in every vein;
 Then straight he flew into her arms,
 And singing thus said he,
 I love my love, &c.

Oh! are you my sweet William,
 Are you my love or no?
 My name is pretty Nancy,
 Why do you torment me so;
 O I am come to make amends,
 For your trouble here, said he,
 love my love, &c.

The keeper he stood by then
 To hear what they would say,
 Knock off your irons immediately,
 Strike them off I say;
 For I am come to make amends,
 And cheer your heart said he,
 love my love, and I love my love,
 Because my love loves me.

LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

O Logie o' Buchan, oh Logie the laird,
 He's ta'en awa' Jemmy that delv'd in the
 yard,
 Who play'd on the pipes and the viol so sma',
 He's ta'en awa' Jemmy the flower of them a'.

CHORUS.

Then haste thee back Jemmy and bide not awa',
 Then haste thee back Jemmy and bide not awa',
 When summer is come and cauld winter's awa',
 He's come and see me then in spite of them a'.

I sat on my funky span on my wheel,
 I thought on the laddie that loo'd me so weel;
 Tho' he had but ane fix-pence, he brake it in twa,
 And gaed me the half o't e'er he went awa',
 Then haste thee back Jemmy, &c.

My father look'd fulky, my minny look'd sour,
 They frown'd upon Jemmy because he was poor,
 Tho' I loo'd them as weel as a daughter should
 dee,
 Yet there's nane half so dear as my Jemmy's to me,
 Then haste thee back Jemmy, &c.

Tho' Sandy has ousen, has gear and has kye,
 A house and a hawden and filler for by,
 Yet I'd take my ain lad with a staff in his hand,
 Before I'd have him with his houses and land,
 Then haste thee back Jemmy, &c.

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